

Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



MAY
1956





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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 10, No. 5

May, 1956

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly at 2808 E. 6th Ave., Denver, Colo., by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER Sept. 8, 1949, at the Post Office at Denver, Colo., under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$3.00 per Year Foreign: \$4.00 per Year
\$5.50 Two Years \$7.00 Two Years

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Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colo.

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● In this issue you'll find perhaps the largest variety of articles ever published in Roundup. We have a good many more scheduled for future issues and we hope you'll find many pleasant hours of reminiscing in them.

● When you run across a CBI-er in daily life, jot down his name and address and send it to us. We'll be glad to tell him about Roundup. He'll appreciate your thoughtfulness as will we. If you know of any now, drop us a line.

● The cover subject needs no introduction among CBI folk. It is the late General Joseph W. Stilwell, first commander of the CBI Theater. "Vinegar Joe," as he was called, was a real soldier. No fancy uniforms for him. He spent most of his time at the front lines and was the greatest morale-booster among his troops who eventually captured North Burma. U.S. Army photo.

● We wish we could tell you the long-awaited shipment of merchandise from India has arrived. At press time it hadn't. Aside from the "Gabahs" received from Kashmir, no shipments have been received since we ordered it last October, though one has been on the way since January 28th.

● Roundup is low on pictures of China, Burma and India. If you have any particularly good shots that you'd care to loan for publication, send them on. All will be returned in good condition after use.

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Valueless Sapphire

● "The Jewel Racket" (Apr.) served only as a reminder of the bum deal I made when I bought a "star sapphire" from a peddler in Dacca for \$58. It turned out to be worthless.

FRANK REYER, JR.,
Phila., Pa.

Liuchow Demolition

● Thanks for the story, "Demolition at Liuchow" (Apr.). Spent a few months there just before the base was evacuated. Damage to the airfield was nothing compared to the city itself. Only a few walls were standing after the Japs finished with it.

BERNARD G. WRIGHT,
Nashville, Tenn.

Shared Disappointment

● Thoroughly enjoyed your account of the Pilgrimage to India, especially of the trip into Kashmir and your solo expedition to the new Kheria Air Base at Agra. I share with you your implied disappointment at there being no Americans in Headquarters, no Jane Bell and Beebe Barr in the Hangar Red Cross Club, no VU2ZW "atop building 144," and no spoiled chocolates in the P-Ex. Nobody there but Indians.

CARROLL F. SMITH,
Holcombe, Wis.

Recouped Gem Loss

● Enjoyed reading "The Jewel Racket" (Apr.) mainly because I was one of the thousands of GI's who bought gems there during the war. I figured I had spent about \$300 on assorted pieces of glass and imitations, but one small ruby which cost me Rs. 100 (\$31) I sold for \$200 and nearly recouped my whole loss.

SAMUEL SWART,
Staten Is., N. Y.



MERRILL'S MARAUDERS draw a bead on Japanese plane about to attack the newly captured Myitkyina airfield. U. S. Army photo, May 17, 1944.

People Meant Business Here

MYITKYINA

By Capt. Floyd Walter

CBI Roundup, Sept. 7, 1944

THROUGH A narrow pass slashed deeply into the heart of the 8,000-foot razor-back ridge, the Combat Cargo Command C-47 strained eastward from its base in Assam, and now blonde, loose-limbed Capt. J. S. Craik turned around from the pilot's seat and shouted above the drone of the twin engines:

"We're almost there."

Minutes later we swept down into a broad valley where, serpentineing thru a carpet of green, I followed the course of the Irrawaddy with quickening interest. Soon the lazy horseshoe curve of the river against which Myitkyina snuggles was focused into view, and then the brown gash in the valley's verdant floor marking the airstrip Merrill's Marauders and the Chinese seized when they stormed out of the hills on May 17th.

And, finally, we were over the field, busy below with activity, and then, swinging east, over the town itself, pock-marked with huge, water-filled craters and cluttered with the rubble of houses.

Not long after, I stood on the edge of the field. Engineers had already swarmed upon Craik's C-47, unloading the precious cargo it had transported from India. Everywhere, there was movement. "Cats" clanked noisily about their business. Bulldozers stubbornly waged battle against the earth. C-46's and C-47's landed with incredible regularity, fattening the already comfortable stockpiles of equipment and supplies. Fighter planes, based on the field, roared overhead in beautiful, reassuring pattern. Saucy L-5's flitted about on mysterious missions. Trucks and jeeps jounced into the area from the east, and, trailing clouds of dust, disappeared toward town with full loads.

People meant business here. The feeling hit you with full impact. This airfield, you thought, is one of the keys to Uncle Stilwell's unlocking the door to the south and east; and now that it is ours no time is being lost capitalizing upon it. Skeletons of wrecked aircraft littering the sides of the runway paid silent witness to part of the price we had been willing to pay.

I flagged a passing jeep and introduced myself to the driver, Pvt. Charles Baylis, of Plainfield, N.J. He was dressed in green

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

fatigues and wore his cap perched rakishly over his left eye in Dead End Kid fashion. This was the start of a beautiful friendship. The irrepressible young man had been Brig. Gen. Theodore F. Wessel's driver during the heat of the scrap for Myitkyina and knew the points of interest in the town as well as the conductor of a New York rubberneck tour knows his itinerary.

Jouncing toward headquarters thru the outskirts of town, I began to see a few of the scars of battle at close hand—houses rent with gaping holes where bombs and artillery and mortar shells had found their mark, networks of cunning entrenchments from which the enemy fought with suicidal frenzy, once-graceful trees now shredded by the fierce exchange of firepower.

We reached headquarters, situated in a row of houses not mortally hit and showing evidence of recent repair. The two-story wooden structure in front of which the jeep stopped was the stomping ground of Col. John P. Willey, senior American officer in the town. I clambered up the wooden steps to report. The colonel wasn't there at the moment, but busy, sandy-haired Capt. Charles Burr, the assistant G-1, checked me in and invited me to wait.

It was hot as the hinges of Hell. Someone later declared the thermometer at the airstrip registered 140 degrees! No one argued the point. Perspiration flowed from every pore, soaked pants and shirts through and generously beaded foreheads.

Despite the intense heat, accented by



LT. COL. JOHN ALBIN and Chinese officer inspect damage to house in Myitkyina after its capture from the Japanese. U. S. Army photo.



AIR VIEW of the South airstrip at Myitkyina, taken from a C-47 about to land with supplies for Merrill's Marauders Photo by Eileen Brent Beckman.

the high humidity, there was activity outside the colonel's house. Stripped to the waist, sun-bronzed Signal Corps workers assiduously strung wire, scaling trees and climbing into shattered houses. A group of naked GI's gathered around a well and sloshed water over one another from a crude wooden bucket. An M.P. scooted along the dirt road on a motorcycle, and soon after a 6x6 and a rickety captured Jap truck rumbled by.

From my vantage point, I watched a polyglot group of workers—Burmese from several regions, Gurkhas, Indians and Chinese—clear away the rubble from around the headquarters buildings, prodded good-naturedly by a lieutenant in green fatigues. The incongruity of their attire was something out of a comic magazine. There was a husky Kachin proudly wearing British boots, American helmet, Japanese shirt and a checkered skirt of a pattern you've seen on tablecloths on roadside restaurants along U.S. Highway 99. The others were attired as strangely, with gear gathered off the stage of conflict after the Japanese had been driven across the Irrawaddy.

Colonel Willey did not turn up until after lunch. Tall, soldier-straight, with a mop of black hair, he seemed to fill the small upstairs room. In one corner, a tiny bird, robbed of squatter's rights, continued nervously to build its nest, and through an open window wafted an incredibly beautiful velvet butterfly. The colonel puffed on a cigar and suggested the best way to get a story would be to take his jeep and tour the town.

Downstairs, Baylis greeted me and, in the grand manner, ushered me into his quarter-ton. Just as we were about to pull out, a 1920 Model T Ford coupe chugged up to headquarters, and a GI with reddish hair and scraggly mustache bounded out and clattered upstairs with a message for the colonel. The Japs must have left this ancient vehicle behind without



GENERAL VIEW of the North airstrip at Myitkyina, showing supply tents near revetments. U. S. Army photo.

fear of its being put to use. It was rusty, quaking and a cork did service as a radiator cap, but the ingenuity of the Ordnance Section had made it operate and it was being put to good use. Another mode of captured transportation pressed into duty were Japanese bicycles, and not an hour passed that somewhere you didn't see Lt. James Chan, a U.S.-born Chinese, peddling furiously to heaven knows here. There were American bikes, too, and one of the most side-splitting sights you ever saw in your life would be challenged by that of a Chinese soldier trying to ride one. He weaved all over the road at the peril of everyone's life and limb, including his own, but danger didn't erase the grin from his face nor stem the stream of delighted "ding how's."

MYITKYINA, before the Jap conquest of Burma, was a lovely resort town of 20,000 inhabitants, slumbering peacefully through the seasons. The red flood of war boiled through Myitkyina less than three weeks before this article was written and had surged 20 miles southward down the road to Bhamo. It left behind an incredible vista of destruction. The severity of damage increased as we neared the river. At first, I marvelled at jagged holes in roof tops, shattered walls and direct bomb, artillery and mortar hits on entrenchments. Then we reached the main part of town where the full fury of attack had been felt and there were often no houses remaining upon their foundations at all, but merely a rubble of corrugated tin roofing and splintered lumber. The few pieces of furniture which remained intact throughout the terrible onslaught had long since been taken by Chinese troops moving through town, and, as for

souvenirs, the area had already been picked bone clean by Americans, Chinese and British, as well as some of Myitkyina's inhabitants who had drifted back.

Suddenly, we jerked to a stop long enough for Baylis to point out a pagoda of exquisite design, miraculously untouched in the midst of all the carnage, and you wondered whether this was by design or because some unseen deity had, at some strange whim, decided to spare it.

Now we reached Lt. Col. Gordon S. (Burma Surgeon) Seagrave's unique hos-



MERRILL'S MARAUDERS move toward Myitkyina via the Ledo Road. U. S. Army photo, Feb. 13, 1944.

pital. The patients rested in cots either under long, low thatched shelters or in a house less battered than those about it. I asked a slim, pretty Burmese nurse whether Seagrave was in, and she blushed, tittered, covered her face with her hands and ran upstairs. It was rather disconcerting.

It didn't take long to find Seagrave, whose greeting was courteous but who was locked in earnest conversation with Lt. Col. W. W. Hiehle, Surgeon of the Myitkyina Task Force. The Burma Surgeon's forehead was wrinkled and he wore the appearance of a man who has spent long hours under exacting conditions and, now that he can finally rest, suddenly realizes how desperately tired he is. The doctor spent close to three gruelling months at the airstrip before, 10 days ago, he moved his hospital into town. My chauffeur and his itinerant reporter were soon on their way again.

Past more wrecked houses we bumped. A six-foot-long snake wriggled into the ruins at our approach. Two GI's photographed a rusted artillery piece whose barrel was blown up by the Japanese as they retreated into the vitals of the town. Down almost every street we drove, lines of Chinese troops trudged wearily, perspiring profusely, some carrying weapons and others battered furniture, corrugated tin roofing, lumber and other articles with which to set up light housekeeping.

Then we reached one of the few brick buildings in town, chipped by shellfire, but serviceable, and pressed into duty as Myitkyina's APO. During the morning, a group of Chinese cleaning up the debris in front of the post office lifted up some boards and choked at the putrefying smell of five dead Japs hastily buried beneath them. Dead Japs are still being found in town and an occasional one of the live variety, too, nearly always on the verge



FLIGHT SURGEON Capt. Lemon and Lt. Col. Gordon S. Seagrave watch a native nurse prepare Chinese patient for surgery at Myitkyina U. S. Army photo.

of starvation but not always willing to give himself up without a final shot. It may be some days before the last of the cunning concealments of the Nipponee are discovered.

Chinese bivouac areas were spread from hell to breakfast. Some of the soldiers sprawled under thatched roofs without sides, others lived in tents, and then there were the plutocrats who had moved into what was left of houses, cannibalizing adjacent structures that were harder hit to make themselves comfortable. You began to notice that the house-dwelling Chinese always gathered on the top floor and made a mental note of the idiosyncracy. Everywhere you looked there were lines of clothes, freshly washed.

Earlier, at headquarters, the beauties of the fabulous teakwood forest on the southern fringe of the town had been described to you. Now Baylis toolled the jeep into it and we entered another world. Here it was suddenly, miraculously fresh and cool; and all the while you knew damn



LINE OF C-47 cargo planes on the airstrip at Myitkyina. A P-47 is ready to take off. U. S. Army photo, Aug. 14, 1944.



COL. SEAGRAVE leads his nurses and others in an hour of hymn singing in his hospital operating rooms at Myitkyina. U. S. Army photo.

well that the mercury was bubbling in thermometer tubes in Myitkyina and at the airstrip.

Next halt on the itinerary was the refugee camp, populated by 7,000 or more former inhabitants of the battered town. The American M.P. at the gate was polite, but firm. You'd have to get permission, sir, from the British Civil Affairs Officer, a lieutenant colonel, before you could look around. So you climbed up a ramshackle flight of stairs of a rambling house to his informal office, where he was fighting a harassing battle through a desk littered with papers. A youngster languidly kept a punkah swinging over his head, but the effect could only have been psychological. The colonel shook hands abstractedly and introduced Major R. J. Bell, a suave Anglo-Burmese doctor who had practiced in Myitkyina while it was held by the Japs and who had been given an Army commission to administer the hospital in the camp.

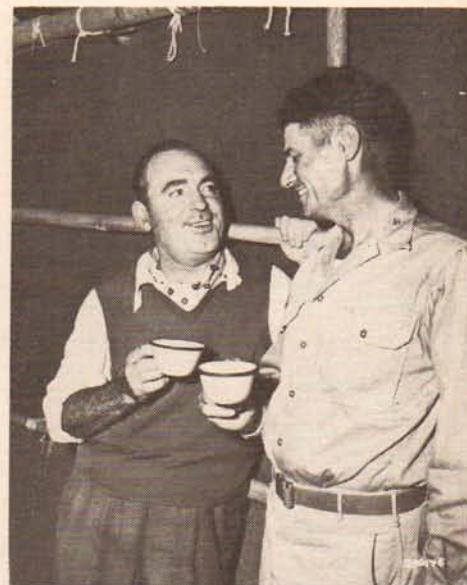
The major was not loath to talk about life under Jap domination. He told that the inhabitants lived in constant fear of their lives. The enemy was jittery and hyper-suspicious and grew more cruel as his days in town became numbered. Sadistic forms of torture were administered, he said, to exact information which their victims often didn't possess. There were numerous cases of their chopping off heads, the favorite form of execution.

During the refugee camp visit, I saw the many strains of people who had fled into the surrounding country and had now drifted back. By racial groups, they had now been segregated into different areas, where some lived under the protection of gaudy parachutes, others under low, thatched roofs, barren of sides, and the remainder wherever they could find shelter from the heat. There were several large food storage points and at irregular intervals 6x6's lumbered into the area with

additional supplies. These were available to the refugees by ration ticket. War is cruel to civilians when they have the misfortune to live in a town chosen as a battleground, and in the case of the populace of Myitkyina the poignant scenes we witnessed in the camp brought this fact home with full impact.

We pulled up in front of headquarters. The rubberneck tour was completed. It wasn't quite time yet for supper; but I wasn't long wondering how to pass the time. "Want to go swimming?" asked Burr when I reached the head of the stairs. Before you could say "Inkangahtang" we had added another captain and two lieutenants to the party and were headed toward the Irrawaddy. As the cool waters swirled around our shoulders, I couldn't help comparing the idyllic scene to that in the same area three weeks before, when bombs made the earth tremble and machine guns along the river bank spit death at Japs trying to escape down the river.

Before night fell, I had an opportunity to chat with USO Camp Show 99, which is another way of saying I chewed the verbal fat with Gene Emerald, Basil Fomeen, Joe Tershay and Jack Cavanaugh. These four veteran troupers, fellows who have all seen their 40th birthdays, shipped from Shangri-La on Aug. 25, 1943, and since then have given better than 600 performances in Italy, Africa, the Persian Gulf Command and CBI. Already, they have given several shows for troops in



PAT O'BRIEN, member of a camp show, has a cup of coffee with Brig. Gen. John P. Willey, Commander of the 5332nd Brigade at Myitkyina. U. S. Army photo, Nov. 13, 1944



B BATTALION, 5307th Composite Unit, crossing a bridge over the Chindwin River in Northern Burma. U. S. Army photo, Mar. 17, 1944.

Myitkyina; now, while finishing their schedule in and around town, they are hopefully awaiting permission to entertain in China. (Sudden thought: This is the type of troupe that you don't appreciate until you see it perform. Then you figuratively kick yourself in the pants for not recognizing that it would be entertaining, despite the fact there aren't any big-name stars. USO Camp Show 99 demands no complicated props, no Special Service officer to accompany it, there are no prima donnas to pamper, the four troupers catch transportation where and when they can and take care of their own personal needs.)

Just about sack time, I heard the sound of music and decided to investigate. It drifted from down the road a piece, where

a light burned dimly inside a canvas tent. A phonograph was playing something solid by Benny Goodman, and blonde, stocky T/5 Charles Purnell, of Oklahoma City, glanced up from the tattered newspaper he was reading when I entered. Purnell is a member of the Special Service detachment which reached Myitkyina by plane 10 days after resistance in the town officially collapsed. The eager-beaver type, he was anxious to tell me about the unit, which numbers 32 men, including a 12-piece dance band and a seven-man stage show.

"We're fixing up the place next to this tent into a club hall," he said, indicating to a temple a little the worse for wear.

According to Purnell, movies were shown in Myitkyina two days after the Japs were driven across the river, and now they are being exhibited every other night. The latest on the program, he announced, was "Cabin In The Sky."

He escorted you to the Special Service warehouse, stocked with radio-phonograph combinations, cigarettes, candy, magazines and books, shortly to be distributed to the various units.

Coffee and doughnuts, I learned, would be served in the club room as soon as the doughnut-making machine arrived from the Mogaung Valley.

The entertainment schedule called for Ann Sheridan and Party, in a few days.

Suddenly, I laughed like hell as the thought struck me that GI's at the front might shortly be referring to troops in the town as "those (censored) Myitkyina Desk Commandos."

Sleep was hard to come by inside my tent, under the mosquito bar. Though night had fallen, it was still hot and sticky. But then sullen rain clouds moved in from the south. Rain pattered on the canvas and a cool breeze stirred. I grew drowsy. Wallabum . . . Shadazup . . . Mogaung . . . Myitkyina . . . next stop, Bhamo, and some day Uncle Joe Stilwell will be in Rangoon.

I fell asleep. —THE END

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GENERAL STILWELL and Col. Charles Hunter of Merrill's Marauders, talking to patrol leader at Myitkyina. U. S. Army photo.

Watch Red China

● In recent months the danger-of-war scene has changed from the Orient to the Middle East. Israel and the Arab nations, it is feared, may enter into a state of war that may bring on World War III. All the while Communist China continues to be a threat to world peace through their buildup of bases and troops in North Korea. Wonder if our government is aware of the fact that Red China might seize the opportunity of stirring up something in the Orient in the event of trouble in the Middle East? It's a picture worth watching.

STEVE SHANNON,
New York, N.Y.

British-Yank Critics

● I was glad to read Alec Taylor's letter in the April issue, remanding those British who were critical of the American effort in CBI. There are plenty of Americans who feel likewise about the British, but those sensible people know both the British and Americans did their part, which is exactly what they were told to do, in CBI as well as throughout the rest of the world. It was the combined tough work of both countries that gained victory and not one-sided.

ROBERT S. GREET,
Boston, Mass.



NATIVE QUARTERS along the river at Chihkiang, China. Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

AACS in Kunming

● Spent 18 months with the AACS Group Headquarters in Kunming. Would like to get in touch with some of the old gang who lived in Hostel 10, Barracks 25. Your reporting of the Pilgrimage to India has been excellent.

CLYDE I. DAVIS,
Maysville, Ky.

Rained Out!

● Was much disappointed that you failed to visit the old Bengal Air Depot and Barrackpore air base while in Calcutta on the tour.

SAM STEINBERG,
Bronx, N.Y.

It was raining the day we were to go.—Ed.

Ile de France

● Obviously Arthur M. Kiener was among the 7500 troops aboard the Ile de France when she sailed from San Francisco Dec. 6, 1942. That was an interesting trip. French ship, British crew, and carrying American troops. I can vividly recall Christmas Day 1942 spent ashore at Wellington, New Zealand. I was in a casual officer group that went to Ramgarh and later to Ledo. Some of our group went to China. Some were killed in action in Burma. There was a railway operating battalion aboard that was to be transshipped to Iran. An anti-aircraft unit due to go to Ledo. A hospital unit bound for parts unknown. Surely there is someone out of that 7500 who knows what happened to these units and can give a brief history or at least their location in the Theater.

HOWARD F. COUCH,
Hot Springs, Ark.

Enjoys Tour Story

● I have read with much interest the day by day story of your tour to India in the past four issues and want to commend you on a job well done. Your style of presentation has created an illusion that the reader went along on the Pilgrimage.

PHILLIP ISAACS,
Phoenix, Ariz.



TRANSFERRING GASOLINE from Hump-flown drums to tank truck, from which planes at Liangshan airfield will be refueled. Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

Hindu Rope Trick

John Platt, a member of the Chicago Basha, who is a very successful magician, was the subject of a column in the Chicago American last month. He describes the Indian rope trick and the columnist had this to say about it: "The Hindu rope trick? Platt says it's known everywhere but in India. He adds: 'When entertaining troops in Calcutta, I offered 25,000 rupees to see the trick. Advertised my bid in the papers. Had no takers.' Platt described the way the trick is supposed to operate, then offered his explanation of where he thinks the idea came from. A street fakir throws one end of a rope into the air. It hangs there, presumably surrounded by convenient mist. The sorcerer's apprentice climbs the rope and disappears. The fakir calls for the boy to return. No answer. He calls again. No reply. The fakir gets mad, puts his cutlass between his teeth, climbs after the boy. From high in the sky screams are heard. One by one parts of the dis-



PLANES OF the 12th Combat Cargo flying The Hump to China. Photo by Eileen Beckman.

membered boy fall to the Chabua it was a thrill to see ground. The fakir descends, puts the pieces in a basket, takes up a collection. Then the boy springs out of the basket—all in one piece. The fakir coils the rope. He and the boy bow—and take their leave. Platt says: 'Nobody I ever met saw the trick. I think it comes from a Chinese legend. Same root as the Jack and the Beanstalk story.'"

GERALD C. TATE,
Louisville, Ky.

WM. MATTHIESSEN,
Chicago, Ill.

Assam Today

The pictures of Woodward's recent tour to Assam (Apr.) were most nostalgic. Having spent over a year at

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The Roundup

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SANITATION CONDITIONS in China are borne out in this GI sign at Chikhang which reads: "U. S. Personnel will not drink or eat anything in Chikhang, China, or vicinity." Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

American Red Cross Girl

From Phoenix, 1945

JOHN STEINBECK, author - war correspondent — gives an appraisal of America's top war discoveries thusly:

The jeep, which needs no introduction.

The late, great Ernie Pyle, who needs no introduction.

The American Red Cross Girl, to whom we always welcome an introduction.

Strictly in the interest of research, and since Pyle and the jeep decidedly are not pin-up material, we'll report on the Red Cross girl. The field of survey is a group of 35 recent arrivals in Calcutta, enroute to forward areas. You might say they are slightly conspicuous when they hit Bengal's Big Town. Wide-eyed and blessed with a Stateside bloom of freshness, they are weighed down with battle helmets, gas masks, mosquito repellent and can-teens.

In the department of pulchritude they range from what is politely known as nice looking to downright (how does one whistle in print?)

Quickly easing the crew you sort of spring up to that little sun-tanned stunner over there who least reminds you of that chick who jilted you in Topeka. Nothing if not original, you ask her where she's from. Be doggone if she's not from one of the 48 states! And since you have a maiden aunt in Oregon, that adds a jigger of intimacy to the conversation and first thing you know you've worked up to the stage of discussing the weather.

You remember that the li'l gal is a volunteer, has probably given up a comfortable bungalow for a dirt-floored basha, is receiving a wage that is not calculated to enable her to retire at the tender age of 60, is risking that peeled-peach complexion (now, now, mustn't touch the model!) to a climate that bolsters the sale of Pond's products, is not protected by one-third the amount of life insurance available to the American soldier, and the thought arises: "Why the heck did you come over here when you didn't have to?"

But you don't ask. Most have brothers, sweethearts, or fathers in the service, maybe overseas. One in the group of 35 has a son stationed in Calcutta. Oh, yes, you are talking with, or listening to, as the case may be, that brunette from Boston or Chicago or Houston. And she's making such cute noise:



RED CROSS girls take time out from their duties at "Hangarround Club II," Myitkyina, to relax. They are (l. to r.) Norma Saunders, Elmar (last name unknown), Virginia Meding and Eileen Brent. GI admirer is unknown.

"India is SO interesting."

"I want an assignment as near the front as possible."

"Do people up there get bombed much?"

"Is the water boiled in this place?"

"How long before you get malaria?"

"India is SO interesting."

"I can't tell you how I came over or when. Security."

"I want to see the burning ghats."

"How far is Agra?"

"I intend to stay until the war's over."

"India is SO interesting."

"Are there many snakes in Burma and Assam?"

"Sorry, but I'm dated for the next couple of weeks. With some of the boys I met coming over on the . . . oops, I almost said it that time!"

India is SO interesting."

Within a few days after she reports to American Red Cross headquarters in Calcutta she'll be given an assignment and in all probability one that will take her up-country or over The Hump. She'll be one of approximately 450 American Red Cross girls stationed in China, Burma and India. You may meet her in a club in Kunming, on the trainmobile in Assam, in a hospital in Burma, in a field director's office in Ceylon, on a clubmobile in China.

She'll be here 18 months before she is eligible for rotation leave and during that time she'll spend some time, unless

she's powerful lucky, in a hospital with malaria, or dengue or dysentery or jaundice. She'll cuss (silently in the majority of cases) the heat, the mud, the dust and the insects.

She'll insist she's happy to be overseas doing whatever she can and she'll convince you she means it. She'll coo, "Oh, how sweet!" at a jillion pictures of the missus and junior or of the girl back home, and she'll listen to a jillion hard luck tales, and she'll wear out several pairs of shoes at military dances.

She'll dish out doughnuts and coffee in a clubmobile or she'll direct a program schedule in a club or she'll do welfare work and craft direction in a hospital.

And what was she before the war? Maybe a school teacher. Or a social worker. Or a business woman. Or an actress. Or a newspaper reporter. Or a government agency employee. Age? Well, now that's a right delicate question. Over 23, shall we say. The majority are between 25 and 30.

What are the chances of dating her? Let's assume that all Americans in China, Burma and India were equal in general appearance and intelligence—just a wee bit less handsome than Robert Taylor and a mite under Einstein's I.Q. Then divide 450 Red Cross girls into the num-



ENTERTAINING THE war-weary enlisted man was the primary purpose of the Red Cross girl in CBI. Here the gals of Hangaround Club II at Myitkyina play the piano and sing along with appreciative GI's.

ber of Americans in CBI. You get more realistic odds on a three-legged horse in a steeplechase at Tollygunge. Long odds notwithstanding, the American serviceman is happy to see them around.

Whether the Red Cross gal serves in the luxurious "Burra Club" in Calcutta, the "Repairadise Inn" at Agra, or in a remote hospital in the middle of the jungles of Burma, she is doing a great job for grateful GI's. He appreciates what they are doing and the spirit in which they are doing it. —THE END.

Extraordinary Bicycle

A bicycle with a mind of its own is the chief assistant and brave companion to Father Anthony Duca, Salesian Missioner stationed at the Lafon Memorial Institute at Mandalay, Burma.

Father Duca recalls one warm day last summer when the temperature was 114 degrees in the shade and he was returning home from a mission trip. At a bend in the road he saw a pile of soft, freshly cut hay. Although he was tired, hot and thirsty, and the hay looked most inviting, he didn't want to take the time to rest.

His bicycle, however, had ideas of its own. As Father Duca was pedaling past the haystack, his front wheel struck a stone. He somersaulted over the handlebars and into the hay. An hour later he awoke, cool and refreshed, ready to continue his journey.

Another time Father Duca overtook a herd of buffalo on a narrow, dusty road. He tried to pass them quietly, since the buffalo is one of Burma's most ferocious and ugly animals when aroused. Only a mother, trailing a few feet behind her calf, paid any attention to him.

Father Duca passed the herd easily, but a few moments later he heard the sound

of galloping hoofs behind him. The mother buffalo was charging, her head lowered and her pointed horns arched. Although Father Duca pedaled as hard as he could, the animal continued to gain until she was only inches away from him.

Luckily, the bicycle came to Father Duca's rescue. Its loose back fender jumped up to hit the buffalo in the nose as she drew even with the rear wheel. Immediately, bellowing and roaring with pain, the mother buffalo turned around and charged off in the opposite direction.

On another trip Father Duca skidded off the road to avoid hitting a truck. He came to a quick halt in some thick bushes, only to find himself looking into the eyes of a King Cobra. The snake was about six feet long, and its head was level with the crossbar of the bicycle.

Hissing, the cobra pulled back its head to strike. Before it could lunge forward, however, the front bicycle tire burst with a loud noise. The startled snake forgot all about the priest in his haste to return to his quiet lair. Although Father Daca had to push his bicycle back to his Salesian Mission, he didn't mind that in the least.

"Today I and my bicycle are almost the same age," says Father Duca. "We both are strong and prepared for any hardship. — THE END

KALIGHAT

by
Col. Robert Bruce White, USAF-Rtd.

"I AM GUPTA, priest of the Temple of Kali, Sahib; let me guide you and the Memsaib to the holiest of Hindu temples in all India."

Two miles south of the great cathedral of Calcutta our taxi had reached the dead end of a dreary lane congested with Indians of all ages, with sacred cattle, mangy dogs, and impudent crows. The speaker who had cleaved his way through the crowd around our cab is an unprepossessing Bengali of uncertain age, possibly 50. Like most of his race he is dressed in a *dhoti*, several yards of dingy white cotton wrapped around his spindly legs and covering his emaciated body like a toga. Hatless, he displays a stub pigtail protruding abruptly from his otherwise close-cropped grey hair, and around his neck is the sacred cord of Brahminism. Through steel-rimmed spectacles he smiles ingratiatingly, reminding us of Ghandi. Three other priests or touts offer their services, but Gupta's English seems best of the lot. Thus provided with a pilot, Peggy, my wife, and I dismiss our cab; and follow the "priest" down an even narrower, filthier, more crowded lane to the courtyard of the holy of holies. Here we pause before a crude stall where miniature idols, marigold necklaces and other votive offering are sold. Peggy, whose first visit to India this is, (in 1954) is somewhat taken aback by the grimness of our surroundings.

"According to Hindu doctrine the goddess Kali, wife-conqueror of the eternal Siva, represents creation, preservation and destruction, the three phases of life," Gupta explains in his sing-song Bengali accent. "This is very holy ground because, when the corpse of Kali was cut to pieces by order of the gods, one of her fingers fell here from the sky. This beautiful temple was built in her honor many centuries ago. Nearby is a bathing and cremation *ghat*, Kali's *ghat*, hence the name of Calcutta."

The sanctuary, certainly no thing of beauty, is a square windowless structure with a curious, double-domed roof, enlivened without artistic planning by blue, green and yellow paint and a few colored tiles. A raised walkway surrounds it on three sides, and its single doorway opens into a stone portico separated from the

shrine by a narrow passage. On three sides of this pillared portico are stone steps. On them ash-smeared holymen and beggars are squatting, naked children are playing, worshippers are constantly coming and going. And in their midst two big white bullocks are complacently chewing their cuds. Inside, Hindus of every age and caste listen, more or less attentively, to an aged priest who is reading from a holy book, extolling the virtue of Kali devotion as it has been practiced for at least 50 centuries. The scene is fascinating.

Being Christians, outcasts, we are not permitted in the shrine itself. But Gupta doesn't hesitate to force his way—and ours—among the devout worshippers surrounding the door. It opens, providing us with a brief glimpse of the sinister idol within. Illuminated only by three votive candles, the shrine is deep in flickering shadow; and on its slimy floor several women are moaning in prostrate devotion. In the gloom we perceive the hideous creature they are worshiping: a monstrous idol whose black face and goggling eyes peer out through ugly strands of hair. Her out-thrust tongue, red with sacrificial blood, reaches to her waist, and around her neck is a necklace of human skulls. Her body has four arms; one grasping a reddened sword, emblem of destruction; in another she holds the decapitated head of Satan; with a third she showers courage and blessings; while in the fourth she holds a flower, emblem of peace and happiness. Under the huge feet of this naked thing lies Siva, Eternal Time, her husband, depicted here as god of destruction. Never have I seen anything more repelling, more thoroughly evil, more incomprehensible.

We do not tarry; the fanatic crowd seems none too friendly; and gongs are clanging in the courtyard. "You have come at the right time, Sahib. Goats are to be sacrificed in propitiation of Kali; come with me."

NEARBY, TWO priests in blood-spattered dhotis have begun their principal work of the day. Several bleating goats, still dripping water from the Ganges where they were immersed amid praying devotees in the murky stream, are being dragged to the altar. The clanging becomes louder; temple singers cry out in shrill falsetto; the crowds jamming the

yard become more restive. Now one priest forces the neck of a goat onto the cleaving block, and pins it in place. The second elder raises his kriss in a gleaming arc, and with one powerful stroke severs its head. Blood gushes forth as priests and worshippers alike shout, "Kali! Kali!" Many have prostrated themselves in religious dementia; excitement runs high. And now a neatly attired Indian girl rushes forward, and dropping on hands and knees laps up a little blood from the paving; and another stoops among the growling pi-dogs assisting in the lapping-up to soak her handkerchief in the magic fluid, tucking the grisly momento in the upper folds of her sari.

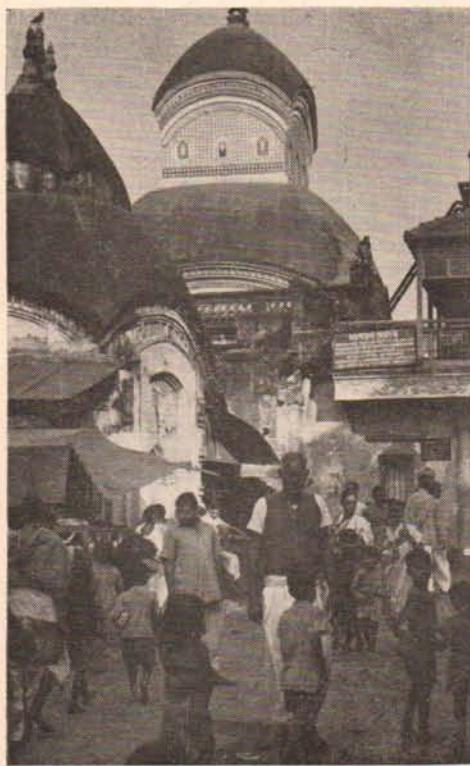
"If Memsahib has true faith," Gupta explains with a smirk, "that is a sure way to gain male offspring." Peggy seems disinterested in this sure-fire technique, and we walk to the opposite end of the compound. There, behind the shrine, is an extraordinary tree, a *champa*, to which supernatural power is attributed. It resembles a frangipani, but the blossoms of this *champa* have no such beauty and fragrance. Its lower branches and roots are covered

with dingy votive offerings: strings supporting curious stones wrapped in bits of rag, bits of red cord, locks of hair, hundreds of curious things placed there by Kali-worshiping women in fond anticipation of a male-child. Under its cobwebby branches *sadhus* or religious fanatics sit, telling their beads, reading their holy books, or simply staring into space in mystic contemplation. And in the top branches several crows, most irreligious of all birds, caw dismally as they too contemplate the panorama of life below.

Also behind the shrine is an ancient drain which Gupta calls to our attention. From it emerges a trickle of murky water, and around it a few marigolds and oleander blossoms have been arranged. To our surprise Gupta leans over, and cupping his gnarled hands, drinks with unaffected pleasure. "It is very holy water, Memsahib," he explains to Peggy whose interest in Hinduism has revived. "You see, it has washed the feet of the goddess Kali. It came originally from Mother Ganges."

Peggy has seen enough of this perverted piety; and we ask to be escorted to the burning ghats. Down another narrow lane of sorry little stalls selling food and votive offerings, Gupta leads the way. Along the pavement squat scores of holy men, all more or less naked, some quite fat and hairy, others thoroughly emaciated, some smeared with ashes and cowdung, incredibly filthy, their faces chalked or painted in religious symbols. Here and there is a leper, yonder a victim of elephantiasis, his ghastly legs stretched across the paving. All are begging. But on Gupta's advice we donate nothing to these unfortunates; to do so would invite a stampede by beggars; instead, our *backsheesh* will be given to the charitable hospital the city is now sponsoring in the neighborhood.

PILE OF cordwood signal our approach to Kalighat. Ahead of us is a low-walled grassy yard extending to the banks of the Ganges. To the right is a lofty edifice of pink stone, a monument erected by a wealthy Hindu to consecrate the site of his funeral pyre. To the left is a dingy yellow building, whether office or temple is not ascertained. At the gate we pause, shudderingly, to observe two little corpses of new-born babes tossed carelessly on a refuse pile beside the wall and covered now by blue bottle-flies. A miserable pi-dog sniffs at the little white bodies, depredatingly. In the yard a log fire is burning brightly, but grotesquely protruding from the flames is a human leg, the foot of which has been daubed with red paint. "To show the lady was saved the curse of widowhood," Gupta patiently translates, "Her husband and man-child are standing there beside the fire."



KALIGHAT TEMPLE at Calcutta, holy Hindu area visited by thousands of GI's during the war. Photo by the author.

A noisy crowd is now gathering around a pit into which several attendants have piled kindling and cordwood for another cremation. Resting on a wooden *charpoy* (cot) apart from the crowd is the near-naked body of an old man. His sunken eyes stare unseeingly at the priest stripping him of the few flowers which had accompanied his body to the *ghats*. Now the corpse is transferred none too gently to the funeral pyre, and to my amazement Gupta asks the crowd to stand back so I may photograph the scene, and they do so willingly enough. Now several logs are tossed on the corpse; and the eldest son — a handsome Hindu in semi-European dress — walks slowly and solemnly around the pyre, carrying in his hand a flaming torch of burning reeds. The seventh circuit finished, he suddenly thrusts the torch into his father's beard, then into the kindling below, to start the conflagration. No music, no invocation, no weeping or wailing or other ceremony; the family stands mutely by without visible sign of emotion. The flames crackle, and blue smoke spirals upward around the yellow walls and into the neighboring palm trees.

From another cremation pit smoke streaks feebly upward from the ashes of an earlier fire. Nearby stands a white bullock who calmly watches a temple attendant raking the ashes and evidently searching for something there. Apparently his effort is rewarded; for having removed a charred relic, he embeds it in a handful of wet clay. Into this odd package he thrusts a small coin, walks to the steps leading down to the water's edge, and indifferently tosses it into the river.

"When the fire is good, Sahib, all the body is burned to ashes, all but the navel which *never* burns. That is what the *malee* recovered. The coin was provided him by the family of the deceased. The navel is now returned to Mother Ganges. And that completes the ceremony."

The three of us have strolled to the river's edge also. Below us many pilgrims, fully dressed in dhotis and saris, are bathing in the sluggish muddy stream. As they complete their ablutions, they drink freely of the water lapping at their knees on the lower steps of the ghat. Then each pilgrim scrapes up a few handfuls of mud from the river bottom.

"They are merely searching for coins flung into the river with the unburnt navels," Gupta informs us. "They seek good fortune thereby. Indeed the virtues of bathing in the Ganges are many. It is really most beneficial. Thousands come here every year for no other purpose than to be cured of their ailments. All who would ask favor of the goddess Kali must come here first to bathe, to be cleansed of all sin. This water, like that I drank at

the temple, is a very good cure and preventative of cholera."

"For dysentery too?" Peggy asks.

"Yes, dysentery too. Very efficacious indeed."

With which wisdom Peggy and I decide to return to the Great Eastern Hotel. At the swank Sherry Bar we believe the beverages have a slight advantage over Mother Ganges in preventing cholera and dysentery. And after all we have seen, it seems like the right thing to do anyway.

—THE END



News dispatches from recent issues of the Calcutta Statesman and China News Analysis

NEW DELHI — As a contribution to the national campaign to arouse public conscience against untouchability and casteism, the Post (Office) will use specially prepared slogans as cancellation marks for stamps on letters. Two slogans are "Ask not, tell not, think not of caste." and "Untouchability is a crime against God and man."

DIBRUGARH — The success of the flood control measures to save the town of Dibrugarh has now been established. The Brahmaputra which, at one time, threatened to envelop the town, has tamely retreated 40 to 100 feet and is gradually changing its course away from Dibrugarh. The conquest of the Brahmaputra by the construction of spurs has filled the people of Dibrugarh with new hope.

CALCUTTA — The Assam Oil Co. has recommended to the Government installation of a one-billion ton refinery near Calcutta, which it prefers to Digboi.

NEW DELHI — According to available information, damage valued at Rs. 5,432,900 was caused to property on Southeastern, Central and Western railways by violent mobs in January.

CALCUTTA — Some Government officials believe that some day in the future the Maidan (park) across from Chowringhee Road will become land for housing units in rapidly-growing Calcutta. The city is even now overcrowded and the population grows daily. Unless the city acquires more land for housing it appears that more and more people will be homeless.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Air Ambulance

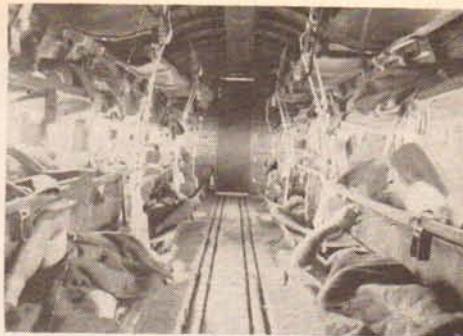
CBI Roundup, July, 1944

"OVER 18,000 patients, a large portion of them battle casualties, have been moved by air without the loss of a single one of its personnel," declared Acting Theater Surgeon Col. George E. Armstrong, in commending the amazing record compiled by a medical air evacuation squadron operating in Eastern India.

Serving aboard C-47's, loaned and flown by the ATC, flight surgeons, nurses and enlisted technicians of the unit, which is commanded by Maj. Morris Kaplan, shuttle from their base at Chabua to the crude airstrips of North Burma, bringing out the wounded and sick. A Chinese or American soldier wounded this afternoon in the Mogaung Valley fighting, may be resting comfortably before nightfall in one of the various hospitals in the rear area.

The job is a risky one. Pilots fly hospital ships into the teeth of fierce monsoon weather to get into the forward fields, knowing they cannot afford to wait for clearing skies when there are wounded to be brought out. Jap ground fire has been encountered more than once. At Myitkyina, the squadron was operating soon after the airfield was seized, while the area was still under Jap fire. Here Chief Nurse Audrey E. Rogers became the first American woman in Burma to earn the Purple Heart award when she was wounded in the leg by bomb fragments while loading a plane.

On another occasion, a hospital ship, delayed by tropical storms, arrived after dark back at its India base and began searching for the landing strip, which lacked night lights. Pfc. Robert McFarlin then had an idea. Two ambulances went



INTERIOR OF C-47 Ambulance Plane, with wounded patients from Burma. Photo by Morris Kaplan, M. D.

racing to either end of the field, parked and turned on their headlights as markers for the runway, on which the grateful pilot soon afterwards set down his big ship with its precious cargo.

Another CBI unit has also done brilliant work in casualty evacuation. Pilots of a liaison squadron, commanded by Capt. Ned Epps, were jockeying their little Piper Cubs into short, rough airstrips and even unprepared jungle clearings to bring out wounded in the days before fields were available for transports in the combat area. Today they are continuing their exploits in places inaccessible to the bigger planes, and the tales of their daring landings and take-offs have become Burma legends.

One pilot, M/Sgt. William C. Coleman, has been recommended for a Silver Star for his efforts. Maj. Edward T. Hancock, an officer of Brig. Gen. Frank Merrill's Burma Raiders, says, "That outfit was marvelous. When we had wounded, no matter how tough the setup, whenever we hollered, they came."

Casualties posed a tough problem in the science of jungle warfare before the development of this spectacular new technique. In the early days of the present campaign, wounded had to be taken out in ambulances over the Ledo Road, but as our forces advanced and the trip back grew longer, this was impossible. In the words of Col. Elias E. Cooley, Theater Medical Inspector, "Hauling a badly-wounded man back over 100-odd miles of rough road might kill him; air evacuation has meant for us simply the difference between losing or saving him."

The Japs, by contrast, lacking air superiority and with even their ground lines of communication harassed, have had to leave their wounded to the mercy of the jungle.

The thousands of Chinese and American boys battling the Jap in North Burma today fight with confidence, knowing if they are wounded they can count on the best of medical care in the splendidly-equipped hospitals to the rear, just one hour away as the hospital ships fly. —THE END



LOADING WOUNDED Chinese soldier aboard C-47 Ambulance Plane. Photo by Morris Kaplan, M. D.

Book Reviews



JUNGLE CHILD. By Norah Burke. 278 pages. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1956. \$3.50.

An English woman's memories of her childhood spent in the foothills of the Himalayas during the early years of this century—a land of jungle and white peaks which many CBI-wallahs know.

A FOREST OF TIGERS. By Robert Shaplen. 373 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1956. \$3.95.

A novel of Indochina in which an American official seeks to help the people against both French officialdom and the Communists and finds himself hated and hunted by both sides.

THE WISE MAN FROM THE WEST. By Vincent Cronin. 300 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1956. \$4.50.

The author is the son of A. J. Cronin, the novelist. The book is the biography of the pioneer of the Christian missionary enterprise in China, Matthew Ricci, Italian Jesuit.

CHINA. By Ping-chia Kuo. 331 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1956. \$3.75.

The author is a Chinese Nationalist. His thesis is the effect of Communist China in the world, relationship with Russia, and potentialities of the future.

MANO MAJRA. By Khushwant Singh. 181 pages. Grove Press, New York, 1956. \$1.25.

Winner of the Grove Press award for the best manuscript from India, a novel of violence and tragedy in a Punjab village in the summer of 1947 when Pakistan was partitioned from India. Paper-bound.

THE GANDHI READER. Edited by Homer Jack. 532 pages. Indiana University Press, Bloomington, 1956. \$7.50.

Significant material by and about Gandhi from 500 books, magazines, and newspapers. Nehru, Marquis Childs, Margaret Sanger, Gandhi himself are among the writers.

THE HISTORICAL STATUS OF TIBET. By Li Tieh-tseng. 323 pages. King's Crown Press, New York, 1956. \$5.

An account of Tibetan relations with the Chinese dating back to 634 A. D., includ-

ing the present position under the Communists. The author is a former Chinese delegate to the United States.

A BAR OF SHADOW. By Laurens van der Post. 61 pages. William Morrow and Company, New York, 1956. \$1.95.

A long short story in which two British soldiers on a gray, bleak English Christmas talk of their experiences in a Jap prison camp in Indonesia. The author is a former Jap prisoner.

THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF CHINA. By Laurence Sickman and Alexander Soper. 334 pages. Penguin Books, Baltimore, 1956. \$8.50.

The book has 190 plates of photographs. These are remarkable for the quality of printing. The history goes back to the origins of Chinese painting and architecture.

POPULATION AND PLANNED PARENTHOOD IN INDIA. By Subrahmanyam Chandrasekhar. 120 pages. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1956. \$2.95.

An examination of the problem of overpopulation in India. It emphasizes family planning as the only practical solution. The author is director of the Indian Institute for Population Studies.

THE UNITED NATIONS AND PAKISTAN. By Mushtaq Ahmad. 165 pages. Institute of Pacific Relations, New York, 1956. \$2.

A critical survey of the operational mechanics of the United Nations, with particular emphasis on the role of Pakistan in the United Nations organization.

THE ASIAN-AFRICAN CONFERENCE. By George Kahin. 95 pages. Cornell University Press, Ithaca, New York, 1956. \$2.

A book on the conference of Asian and African leaders at Bandung, Indonesia, in April, 1955. Speeches by men such as Nehru, Soekarno, and Chou are included.

LOVERS IN THE SUN. By Robert Payne. 158 pages. Pyramid Books, New York, 1956. 25 cents.

In this novel, a sensuous woman, her austere husband, and a Malayan houseboy form the angles of a love triangle. The author has written many books about the East. Paper-back, pocket size.

ECONOMIC CHANGE IN THAILAND SINCE 1850. By James C. Ingram. 261 pages. Stanford University Press, Stanford, California, 1955. \$5.

Development of Thailand's economy since its exposure to Western influence. A study of such factors as the rice industry, growth of other exports, and currency and exchange.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

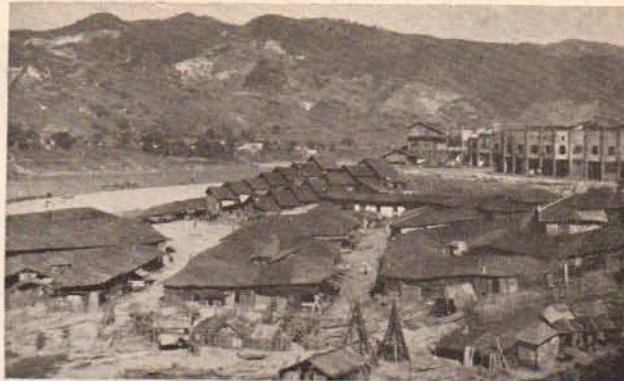
B-29 Explosion

● On page 3 of the February issue is a letter from Sara MacNamara asking about information on the 20th Bomber Command book. She was stationed at Chakulia with the 98th Station Hospital where I was a patient for 30 days before going to the 142nd General Hospital for five months. I was recovering from shrapnel wounds received from a B-29 that caught fire and exploded on Jan. 14, 1945, killing eight fellows instantly and injuring that many more. I happened to be one of the lucky ones that finally recovered after six months in the hospital in India and three more months at Oliver General in Augusta, Ga.

JOHN A. FISHER,
Concord, N. C.

Motor (?) Vehicles

● Anyone familiar with transportation in CBI will appreciate the following quotation from "The Yellow Turban," by Charlotte Jay: "These vehicles (buses) which exist all over the sub-continent of India and doubtless in other Asian countries as well, are propelled by some mystery unknown to the European mind. The Asian mechanics are the dark angels of the pre-scientific age. In no West-



VILLAGE ON the Yangtze River, north of Chungking, China. Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

ern country does a bus or car fall so quickly into ruin. But when, after an incredibly short period of time, the paint is scratched, the mudguards wrenched away, the doors stolen, the windscreen broken, the upholstery bursting with wiry stuffing, and the engine wrecked, the happy Asiatic comes into his own. By the manipulation of some curious homemade appliances here, by taping up two wires there, by working out some esoteric combination of brakes, gears, clutch and light switches, entirely personal to each car, the drivers of these slaughtered vehicles can send them victoriously snorting up precipitous roads, load them

with mountains of human and animal cargo and can keep them to their schedules without lights, brakes, or even water in the radiator, without rubber on the tires, and mostly without accident."

BURROWS SLOAN Jr.,
Norfolk, Va.

Midwest Roundup

● The Wisconsin Convention and Midwest Roundup will be held at Red and Snookie Adams' Jefferson Hotel at Jefferson, Wis., April 28th. This will be a late afternoon and evening affair. There will be golfing at the Jefferson Country Club and bowling in town, or just sightseeing in the later part of the afternoon. We are going all-out on this convention. The committee has come up with a very reasonable registration fee, \$7.50 per couple or \$4 single. This includes prime ribs of beef and trimmings for the banquet. We'll have dancing to a fine orchestra plus free beer.

RUSSELL C. KOPPLIN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Unusual Privilege

● To be included in the Pilgrimage to India was surely an unusual privilege. It was indeed a "just once in a lifetime" experience and always to be remembered with gratitude and pleasure.

Mrs. ETHEL TOMPKINS,
Ashland, N. Y.



JAMES DOWLING (l.) accepts Charter for New York Basha from CBIVIA Commander Robert E. Nesmith at recent ceremony held in New York City. Photo by Syd Greenberg.

An Englishman's Story of

Flying The Hump

From Phoenix Magazine
June 9, 1945

By Ian Coster

CLOUDS ARE THE abiding impression of The Hump. Clouds in flocks, little harmless clouds racing timidly below and letting one see thru to the ugly, jagged hills, majestic battlements of cloud, thousands of feet high and solid-looking as Dover's cliffs; all-obscuring clouds, soft and damp, which set in like a fog and shake and bounce the aircraft as if it were a toy.

Clouds spread beneath in a beautiful white eiderdown quilt; clouds that simulate mountains and design themselves into monstrous, changing sculptures of gods and beasts. Clouds that rear up in pillars and reach out with tattered, treacherous fingers as we go carefully around them; misty clouds that set trickles of rain running across the windows of the pilot's cabin, trickles that become ice in a few seconds.

"And the worst sort of cloud to get into is a column of cumulo-nimbus," says F/Lt. Jack Yendall, veteran of 62 Hump crossings. Why? Because, if you are whirled into its violent core your plane is liable to be blown up or down a few thousand feet, completely out of control. And the wings may be torn off!

Fifty percent of crossings of that 400-500 miles wide mountain barrier between India and China are made in cloud. Going over to China we spiralled up slowly to about 14,000 feet over Dinjan and saw nothing more of the country until we slid down on instruments over the bare, worn, 8,000-foot ridges which guard Kunming, the airstrip itself being more than 6,000 feet. Coming back we occasionally saw jagged peaks, turbulent river gorges, or on the Burma side wooded hills which, from our height, seemed to have the curly texture of a Negro's close-cropped head.

My two crossings were uneventful. Thanks to excellent navigation we were bang on the course all the way. We never flew higher than 15,000 feet. Coming back the pilot had the choice of going up to 17,000 feet or flying down, along the valleys. He chose the valleys between the peaks and found breaks in the cloud. Personally, in that sort of country I prefer not to see what's underneath.



THIS IS HOW The Hump looks from an altitude of 23,000 feet. Mt. Likiang, on the China side. Photo by M. H. Christler.

Most Hump trips are uneventful—when you fly with a squadron of Southeast Asia Division RAF Transport Command. "Of course," says a pilot, "we only send one aircraft a day over The Hump and back, whereas the Yanks send their planes over every five minutes." The Americans with China National Aviation Corporation, Air Transport Command and other units of the USAAF were the trail blazers and they take over the great bulk of cargo for China.

The 2,000-mile run from Dum Dum airport, Calcutta to Kunming, and back the next day is the spectacular trip of the only RAF Squadron permanently on freight-carrying into China. They work to a fast timetable and the service runs like clock-work—except on those few occasions when the order goes out, "The Hump is closed." No craft crosses the barrier on those days: the old Himalayas have momentarily defeated the aspirations of man. General opinion is The Hump provides the world's worst flying conditions. There are four flying routes over it, the most northerly one being the highest and most difficult because, up there, the peaks run up to 23,000 feet, a thousand feet higher than a Dakota (C-47) can climb in the best conditions. Even on the easiest route there are peaks around 14,000 feet.

Hump flying is divided into three periods. From January to April is the bitterest. Then they can expect winds up to 120 m.p.h., against which no C-47 could struggle, electrical and snow storms, severe icing with rime (granular) or clear ice forming in layers on perspex, wings and engine cowlings, and "severe turbulence," which is the term they use to describe an aircraft being tossed like a cork in a choppy sea.

Strangely enough the boys don't think the monsoon so bad. From April to Sep-

tember they don't expect to see much besides cloud, they fly on instruments at least 50 percent of the time. Of course they have to try to avoid the treacherous cumulo-nimbus which rears its head about this time, thunderstorms and air currents. Hail and rain are to be expected, buffettings and bad weather.

The best period is from September to January. Then, when their luck is in, they get low winds and there's not much danger from icing. It all sounds simple on paper—or as one of the seasoned pilots explains it. You have a reliable plane, the twin-engined C-47 which carries 800 gallons of gasoline, enough for 10 hours' flying. The trip either way (not counting one stop) shouldn't take more than eight hours. Unless you are badly iced you should be able to climb above the weather—or dodge it. And if your radio's alright and your navigation is sound there's nothing to it—unless you get engine trouble. For a Dakota will fly on one engine but it won't keep height above The Hump. In addition to this there used to be the likelihood of Jap Zeros butting in.

Even from the official reports of flights, one does not get a vivid impression of difficulties and dangers overcome by cool heads and experience. Those are prosaic accounts of a year's Hump-busting, of running in petroleum, jeeps, guns, ammunition and flying out wounded, civilians, missionaries, VIP's. Here, for instance, is how Yendall's crew (F/Lt. Jock Morris and F/Sgt. Douglas Reed) put up a squadron record flight to China and return.

"Yendall lands at 1515 hours, round trip to Kunming having taken 1235 hours, a record for the squadron. Having flown fighters himself he has a healthy regard for the Japs reported near our return route so he flew low, thus avoiding head winds at 15,000 or over." It doesn't waste

any words on the risks that they took nosing perilously along the valleys with the hungry peaks all around.

Flying The Hump is a man-sized job. Seasoned pilots never lose their fear of The Hump's perils.

"China machine to Kunming sent to Kweilin captained by S/Ldr. Mike Vlasto, DFC, to evacuate British consular staff, which operation was carried out successfully," says another report. "Flew as special this afternoon on urgent request for ambulance plane; three stretcher cases and one sitting patient brought to Calcutta." That's another. Brevity is the soul of all of them.

"Latter half of the trip was covered with 10/10th cloud"; "Winds up to 80 m.p.h. The sky was clear with severe turbulence"; "Eventually we were forced to climb to 17,500 feet to avoid clear icing which was beginning to form."

One Hump pilot, F/O L. J. Thrift, describes at slightly greater length the jam he got into: Thick layers of ice on leading edges and one the base of engine cylinders; still losing height due to loss of power in one engine, so crew ordered to put on harness to abandon craft; severe turbulence; ground speed reduced to 75 m.p.h., mechanic ordered to jettison cargo, but he eventually got back safely.

Here is another experience by F/Lt. Ted Long, who found himself about 1,500 feet from the top of a 300-yard wide gap at 500 feet, airspeed having fallen off to 110 m.p.h. His report read:

"I realized I was in a down draft, expended maximum climbing power and commenced a steep turn to port as by this time our descent was such that we were below the level of the gap and the hills were very close on either side. Immediately I had begun to turn, the control column was whipped out of my hand and the craft went into a steep dive. I thought the aileron control had gone as a result of the phenomenal shock to the plane. As I eased back the stick the aircraft came out of the dive and leveled out at 100 feet (approximately) above terrain (and what terrain!) I then felt for aileron control and to my relief they responded. The radio operator had the entire key break away in his hand." And Long finishes his report: "Apart from severe turbulence and one snow storm the rest of the trip was uneventful."

In a year's Hump-busting this squadron has lost only one plane. This is the simple record: "FL 640, W/O E. D. Collard, pilot, reported missing between Dinjan and Kunming. Usual Hump bad weather on that day but all routine services running. Search carried out by the 10th USAAF." That is all; no trace of the craft or crew was ever found. —THE END.



GAINING ALTITUDE over the hills of Northern Burma is this C-109, "Baby," enroute on a routine flight over The Hump. Photo by M. H. Christler.

INDEX TO BACK ISSUES

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September 1949

Mars Task Force, picture story, 8 pages.

March 1950*

China Air Task Force, pictures, 7 pages.

June 1950

Gussak Returns to India, pictures, 14 pages.

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*There'll Be
Some Changes*

Building Boom in Delhi

From the Calcutta Statesman

DELHI NEWSPAPER reporters were taken on a 50-mile "Cook's Tour" of the capital and suburbs the other day and shown the work being undertaken by the Central Public Works Department, which will greatly change the face of the capital in a matter of a few years.

Gone are the leisurely days of the past when an architect could give wings to their fancy in collonaded verandas, huge domes and expansive courtyards. Pressed for time and in the absence of ample funds, Government architects have laid greater stress on amenities, less on space.

The tremendous building operations of the CPWD represent a vertical expansion of the capital. Most of the buildings the reporters were shown will be five and six stories high and designed in the contemporary manner, though an effort has been made to conform to the general pattern of the Secretariat buildings.

The problem before Government architects was to use the maximum space while keeping down costs. In the process, the new buildings will lose the ornateness of Delhi's old structures and building costs have been kept as low as Rs. 1/6 per cubic foot.

The new builders faced another problem which was not present in the days the capital was built. The sub-soil water has risen appreciably with the result that the new structures have had to be laid on wider foundations with a damp-proof coating.

The greatest changes resulting from CPWD and private building operations will appear on Parliament street which will, a few years hence, consist of 70-foot high buildings all the way from Broadcasting House to the Regal buildings.

On Parliament street, near Broadcasting House, is a building going up to house the administrative offices of All India Radio. Being built in two phases, this six-story structure will have cavity-type filler walls for insulation against heat transmission, air-conditioning equipment and three lifts. The entire building will cost Rs. 30.76 lakhs (about \$700,000).

Across the road, at the junction of Parliament street and Asoka road, we saw workmen digging the foundations of the proposed General Post Office building, which will be flanked on the left side by the Government of India office building, yet to be started.

From Parliament street we motored to Rajpath to see the future National Museum building, the first of the three phases of which will be completed in two years. In red and grey Agra stone, the future repository of Indian art and historical treasures will have a flat dome at its entrance from Janpath which will be lit in the evenings. The model of the three-story museum we saw contained an auditorium for lectures on art, literature and archaeology and a room for the sale of art publications. The entire building will cost about Rs. 7 lakhs.

The National Museum building is part of a plan to fill up the four corners at the junction of Janpath and Rajpath to break up the expanse of Rajpath. The red and grey stone facade of the Museum building will harmonize with the National Archives—which is to be extended—on the other side of the road. On the west will go up the 50-foot high National Library building and opposite the archives will be the National Theater on a nine-acre plot and building for the three Academies.

Though each of the three academies will have an auditorium for its exclusive use, the National Theater Hall—which will hold 3,000 people—will be used for bigger shows.

On the east of the junction of Rajpath and Janpath is nearing completion Delhi's first Regular Conference Hall which will be used for the UNESCO conference to be held in November. The inside of the building, which is three stories high will contain all the amenities required for a large conference. The main auditorium will accommodate 1,000 with desks for each and provision has been made for translators' cubicles and two Press rooms as well as five committee rooms, two commission rooms and two lounges.

—THE END.

Road To Mandalay



From Phoenix, 1945

By Hedley Shepherd

THERE AIN'T no buses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay, wrote Kipling. And the men of the British 36th Division can tell you there is none runnin' from Myitkyina to Mandalay, either. This new version of the Road to Mandalay is the story of the route taken by the 36th Division in its spectacularly rapid, record-making southward drive down the valley from Myitkyina to Mandalay.

As the airplane flies, it is 250 miles from Myitkyina to Mandalay. By the single-track metre gauge railway that runs from the railhead to Burma's second city, it is over 300 miles. By jeep it's the devil of a way. Even while Myitkyina was still being mopped up at the end of July, 1944, the 36th Division, commanded by Major General Festing, arrived by air and made a start on its long journey. By August 22nd, Pinbaw, 60 miles down the road, had been captured. Parallel progress on the left flank by the Chinese Sixth Army permitted the advance to be resumed, and by early November the 36th had taken Mawlu, around 120 miles from Myitkyina.

Once in Myitkyina, the Allies had reached a point where they could move with the grain of the country instead of across it, along the valleys instead of across mountain ridges, and they had also reached the farthest northward point of Burma's one big railway. But an advance in Burma is a different affair from one in flat country like France or Russia, since it has to be carried out along the single axis of the supply line,

and a relatively small force can, and frequently did, hold up a much larger force.

Thus the only real way south from Myitkyina to Mandalay is via the single-track railway which runs thru Mogaung, Naba (junction for Katha on the Irrawaddy), Indaw, and Shwebo. True, a road by courtesy runs beside the railway, sometimes only 100 yards, sometimes a mile distant. But the fact is there are



WAR DAMAGED road bridge between Meiktila and Mandalay. Photo by Alec Taylor.

no roads north of Mandalay—only tracks which at their best are barely fit for bullock carts. It's not so much the road to Mandalay as the track to Mandalay.

Even when the difficult mountains were left behind, the going was still hard. Burma is a typical monsoon country, and as its hills lie athwart the rain-bearing monsoon winds they have a high rainfall, anything between 80 and 200 inches. In the tropics this means dense jungle—and malaria. Not until you get as far south as below Katha do you begin to enter the dry zone with its less than 40 inches rainfall.

The valley down which we advanced was, until November, a flat stretch of marshland due to the monsoon, intersected with chaungs (river courses flooded in the rainy season, dry beds at other times) running awkwardly across the route. What was once rich paddy land along the floor of the valley has been allowed to stagnate under Jap occupation so that it became overgrown with thick elephant grass, often 10 feet high, and treacherous not only because it provided cover for enemy positions, but also because in the rainy season it disguised knee-deep bog. With the end of the rains, you get thick, dazzling white dust, and then, altho the temperature gets down to an average of 65 degrees in January, it



BRITISH AND Indian troops resting on road from Monywa to Mandalay. Photo by Alec Taylor.



BRITISH TROOPS, supported by tanks, attacking Jap-held village of Kyakse, Burma. Photo by Alec Taylor

warms up to 105 again by April before the monsoon starts.

Cooperation between the British and Americans was on the top line. American pilots flew in all weather dropping vital supplies to forward troops, sometimes as a battle raged below.

American fighters and bombers went ahead of the advance to bomb and machine-gun enemy positions. Medium bombers attacked bridges on the railway and prevented the Japs from using them to bring up reinforcements.

The 36th Division, when it was held up, sent back a signal giving the enemy position. Soon the troops on the ground would see American planes roaring overhead to blast the enemy out. Sometimes the targets were close to our forward men, and to be certain of not hitting them, the pilots dived so low on the enemy that their planes have been damaged by the exploding bombs!

The cooperation was just as good on the ground. American officers attached to battle-tested Chinese artillery gave the infantry accurate support with their heavy guns.

When our men were wounded, American light-plane pilots took risks in landing on bumpy road strips just behind the forward positions to fly out the British casualties. Helping in the air evacuation on one isolated airstrip half way between Myitkyina and Indaw was a team of British and American soldiers. Differences of pay or service conditions didn't matter to them. They all shared the same living quarters, ate the same food and had the same amenities.

An American portable surgical hospital packed its up-to-the-minute equipment on mules, and followed the advancing troops, operating day and night on the seriously wounded, to help out the over-worked British surgeons.

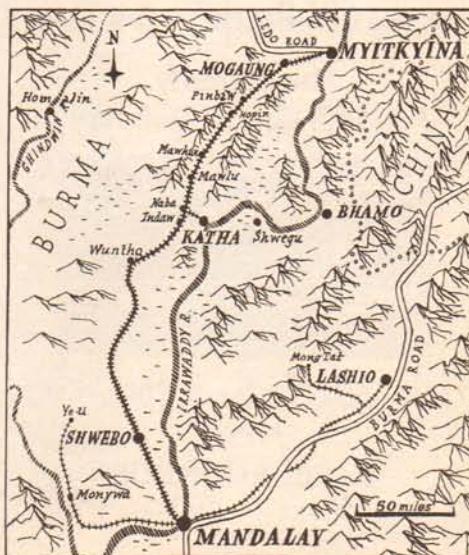
Over such bad country the line of communications becomes of paramount importance; upon its maintenance depends the power of an advance. The Sappers have done a wonderful job clearing up the wreckage at all the railway sta-

tions and along the line. This damage was caused by the bombing and strafing of Allied Air Forces and the demolitions of the retreating enemy. Two months after the fall of Myitkyina a jeep train service was running as far south as Namkwin, 78 miles distant, so well had the Sappers cleaned up, repairing the line and rebuilding the bridges.

Sappers also set about converting the third-class bullock cart track into a road useable by motor transport. Chaungs flow across the route and the monsoon rains converted many parts of the road into deep bog, impassable for trucks. Diversions had to be hacked out of the thick jungle. In the 20 miles from Mawhun to Mawlu, 20 diversions had to be so made. Transport had to wait hours while a diversion was constructed. Often it was necessary to overcome the mud by laying down logs to form the road surface.

As it was not possible to get bridge and road building materials and equipment so far forward, the Sappers had to improvise with materials available locally and their tools consisted mainly of shovels and big knives, like kukris. Timber for bridges and roads was obtained from taking out the poles and beams from the bashas of the devastated native villages along the route.

The Sappers worked from dawn to dusk—they could not work at night because they dared not use lamps. They could not even have lamps for their quarters after dark; they could not even smoke at night. And they slept beside their work. In the day it was so hot that they generally worked stark naked, up to their





RAILROAD BRIDGE between Myitkyina and Mandalay, damaged by retreating Japanese. Photo by Alec Taylor.

waists in water in the chaungs building the bridges.

Myitkyina, the starting point of this new version of the Road to Mandalay, was once a fair-sized town, though in the days of the Burmese kings, the district was regarded as not a liveable part of Burma but as a penal settlement.

Not much of Mandalay, "the end of the road," survived the great fires which swept it after the bombing on Good Friday, 1942. It had a population of 160,000 and was a distinctively Burmese town, largely a huge featureless mass of wooden houses and monasteries, with the red walls and gilded spires of the moat-en-

circled Fort, last palace of the Burmese kings, in the center. Mandalay's importance is as the chief city of Central Burma which it dominates, controlling the communications by river, rail and road between Upper and Lower Burma. Just west of Mandalay the main line railway which runs from Myitkyina down to Rangoon crosses the Irrawaddy by the great Alva Bridge (the only bridge on the entire course of the river). And from Myohaung, just south of Mandalay, a fork of the railway runs northeast to Lashio, railhead for the Burma Road.

Maybe Kiplings' words—

*"For the wind is in the palm trees,
And the temple bells they say:
Come you back, you British soldier,
Come you back to Mandalay."*

hardly fit this version of the Road to Mandalay. For this northern route (it is flattery to call it a road, except insofar as we have constructed one behind us) is strewn with rotting equipment, burned-



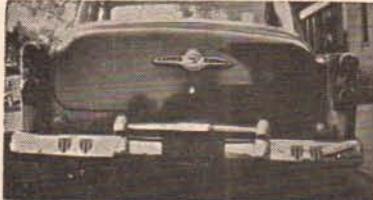
FLEET OF amphibious "Ducks" at Mingyan, awaiting orders to transport troops of the British Army across the Irrawaddy River in Burma. Photo by Alec Taylor.

out vehicles, abandoned guns, ammunition and other relics of enemy occupation. Jap skeletons lie as regularly as furling posts along the road—last mute claims the invader can lay to the soil of North Burma.

—THE END.

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Chabua-Tezpur Pilot

• Enjoyed reading of your Pilgrimage very much, especially Mr. Woodward's visit to Upper Assam. I was a pilot stationed at Chabua and Tezpur in 1944. It's too bad there couldn't have been more pictures of Tezpur air base. Maybe the Indian Air Force will permit more next time. Would like to hear from any of the fellows who served with me.

WM. B. HARRIS,
Route 2,
Elkins, W. Va.

Full of Memories

• After being a subscriber for four years, Roundup is still my favorite magazine, full of memories of those far-away places I used to read about in letters received from CBI-land. Would love to read and see pictures more of China.

JEAN O'DONNELL,
Cleveland, Ohio

Signal Corps Story

• Seems like Roundup has forgotten us Signal wallahs as I haven't seen but one article in the six years I've been a subscriber. How's about it?

ALAN B. FREY,
Memphis, Tenn.

Good one coming soon.
—Ed.

China Convoy Driver

• Strictly by chance I picked up an old (Jan. 1951) issue of Ex-CBI Roundup and nearly went mad with joy when I read the story, "First Convoy to China" in it. I was one of the drivers on this convoy and man-oh-man did I ever get a charge out of looking back at those awful, dusty days! Why was I never told about this excellent magazine?

CLEM A. STAMPER,
Ogden, Utah

Houseboat Servant?

• I am probably wrong but the Kashmir man in the center of your April cover looks like the guy who was head servant on the Srinagar houseboat "Moghul Emperor," where I spent a few days on leave during the war. I don't recall his name. Do you happen to know who he is?

KENNETH WELCH,
Phila., Pa.

We'd have no idea. But there were more than 1,000 houseboats in Srinagar during the war and it's not unlikely that he is a retired houseboat servant. —Ed.

Greatest Bomber

• It's about time we had a story on the B-29's. "Our Greatest Bomber" (Mar.) was good, but it was written several months before the war ended. As you know, the B-29 raids against the Japanese were stepped up greatly in the last few months and I shouldn't be surprised if most of the records for longest mission, tons of bombs dropped and planes used were set from June to August, 1945. Anyhow, it's agreed we could not have won the war in the Pacific without the B-29.

FRANK LAWRENCE,
Atlanta, Ga.

Went on Wrong Tour

• After reading the story of the Pilgrimage to India in the last four issues I would say you fellows saw and did an awful lot in the short space of just 45 days. I agree with your statement that some people have taken a lot more time and saw a lot less. Last year I made a trip to Europe, spent three months seeing five different countries, and it cost me nearly double the \$2250 Pilgrimage fee. Wish I had gone on the world tour instead. Maybe next time.

ERNEST KORBANIC,
Chicago, Ill.



COLONEL R. H. WISE, commanding officer of the 12th Air Service Group, poses beside headquarters sign at Kunming. Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

Dance of India

By Shanthalakshmi

THE SPIRIT of movement in terms of rhythm is a natural instinct in human nature, it was at once a supplication and of arts, for while it is an art of the physical body, it is also an art thru which one must transcend the physical; and only when that is achieved can there truly be a divine expression of man.

In the jungle tracts, and civilized cities, the joy of losing oneself in rhythm, the ecstasy in imparting in gesture what one feels in one's innermost soul, and the love of relating old-world narratives in dance forms, has been India's delight from time immemorial.

The merging of the ego in the art exhibited is an essential feature of Indian dancing. To Indians for always the dancer himself is a mere nonentity and all that matters is the giving up of the soul and the self to the greater call of the art practised and emotions expressed therein.

In India, therefore, dances do not have an appeal only for originality of conception and execution. They are like the slow falling of the waters without any sort of effort on their part, yet transpiring to that soft melancholy ethereal "tune which is soul's bliss; they are thus not taking up the sight or sound of waters or of the rain, but a slow forgetfulness to that world which is a dream of the saints and sages." They are nothing but a tone of forgetfulness and exhilaration rather than of consciousness and gaiety.

In the halcyon days the dance was woven into the very fabric of the daily life of the people, a true manifestation of the eternal spirit of "joy of living." The dance was indistinguishable from worship of nature; it was at once a supplication and a dedication to the all-pervading ubiquitous mystery of the universe in response to an inner emotional urge.

The rich classical dancing of this period was codified by Bharat Muni in Natya Sastra, an erudite Sanskrit treatise dating as far back as the first century A.D.

This single basic technique embraces today the whole gamut of a bewildering complexity of dance forms and formulae, from the Manipuri dance of the Bharatha Natyam of the South and offshoots and regional variations such as Kathakali, Yashagana, Kathak, etc.

The classical dance of the South is

known as Bharatha Natyam. It is perhaps the oldest in origin and expresses six kinds of human emotions known as Rasas in Sanskrit. The different rasas in this art represent the following: Parental feeling, friendship, conugal love, strength, heroism, and humor.

The Natya Sastra says that the essential qualities an artist should possess to dedicate his life to the art of dancing are a good figure, sense of rhythm, grace of expression and of repose.

"Indian genius," says Prof. Levi in his *Le Theatre Indien*, "produced a new art which the word 'rasa' summarizes and symbolizes and which condenses it in one brief formula 'the poet does not express but he suggests.'"

Again, in the Southern Indian dances, the different movements or poses of the hands suggest the inner meaning of the drama and represent in visual form the language of the dance. The symbolic name given to these movements is Mudra.

Another branch of South Indian dancing is the Kathakali. It is an interpretive



INDRANI RAHMAN, of Calcutta, recently crowned "Miss India" in Bombay, is shown in a Bharat Natyam pose. Bharat Natyam is one of the oldest forms of traditional dance in India and usually performed in the temples.



MRINALINI SARABHAI and her leading partner, Chunnni Panicker, in a Kathakali dance pose. Photos by Government of India.

dance with music, in which there is a combination of abhinaya or acting with kavitha or poetry. Themes from the Indian epics Mahabharatha and Ramayana are enacted, a sort of dance drama. The essential parts of this dance are Natya (pantomime dance), gitas (songs), and angikas or mudras (gestures).

This branch is thus based essentially on the tradition of the language of gestures and is practiced mostly in Malabar. The costumes and make-up are also very extraordinary. The face is painted with colors devised to draw out the best expression, and to represent the various characters in this opera.

The third important school of dancing is that of Manipur on the north-east frontier of India and the Chhau dances of Seraikella. These show the lyrical quality which characterizes the classical literature of Bengal and which was inspired by the Vaishnava (worshippers of Lord Vishnu) religion. This dance is a token of adoration offered to Lord Krishna and the music which accompanies the dance is called Kirtana. It describes the whole story of Krishna's life, the love of the Gopis (consorts of Lord Krishna) for him and all the symbolic meaning of the love which can best be compared to the Song of Songs in the Old Testament. This dance, tho it lacks the dramatic intensity of South Indian dances, breathes an extreme sensitiveness to all the beauty we find in nature, when we enjoy the fragrance of a flower or the delight of the silvery coolness of a moonlit night.

The folk dances of India form a class by themselves. They are not highly de-

veloped as an art, but are the spontaneous expressions of particular feelings. If other Indian dances may be likened to classical lyrics, these dances may be likened to popular ballads. They have their origin among the people of the soil and give expression either to religious practices or to the celebration of natural events like the festival of spring, harvest, etc.

Music in Indian dancing, with all its richness and charm, never intrudes but remains modestly in the background as a means of exhibiting and emphasizing the visual movements of the dance. It plays upon the ear no more heavily than do the picturesque costumes of the dancers upon the eye. It is like a fine setting for a precious jewel.

Thus the art of Indian dancers and musicians is not only unique as a theatrical spectacle, but is also profoundly satisfying from an aesthetic point of view.

—THE END

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Commander's Message

by
Robert E. Nesmith
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams, Sahibs and Memsaibs:

Just arrived back in Houston from New York City where I had a barrel of fun. The New York Basha is a terrific group of men and women who will, no doubt, have the largest and one of the best CBI Bashas in the country.

Jim Dowling, one of the dynamic organizers of the Basha, met me at the hotel along with John Devlin and John J. Gussack. They had arranged for me to install Cardinal Spellman as Chaplain of the group. Myself, being the only Baptist present, and knowing nothing about the Catholic religion except that they eat fish on Friday, I was pretty much uneasy until I shook hands with this wonderful little man. He was very glad to have the honor of being the first Chaplain and we were very honored to have him accept.

Valentine's Day will be a date to be remembered in the annals of the New York Basha as this is their charter date. The temporary officers were elected to permanent positions which indicates the thorough job they have done and the friendships they have created. James W. Dowling, Commander; Elizabeth Emmons, Secretary; John C. Devlin, Publicity; and John Raleigh, Treasurer. Incidentally, they have some money in their bank account. I presented the charter and in return was presented with a cartoon. You will see it at the Reunion.

Among the honored members present was Col. John J. Gussak. You'll recall he

was one of the men in the story about the capture of Americans by a Jap submarine. He floated and swam all day and night before rescue. General John H. Travers, Jr., was the man who saw to your getting your pay while in India and China. He is now director of the Finance Department of New York City, handling millions of dollars instead of rupees. John Colan and his pretty wife are both members of the Basha. All you fight fans will remember him well. Just prior to the war he was the leading light heavyweight.

We will have citizenship papers for all who want to remain in Texas after the convention, and passports for those visiting. Just ask the lady at the desk for the paper you desire.

Now, be sure to arrive on time for the grand Western party and the chuck wagon feed, August 9th. Make those costumes for the Puja night now. This will be on TV and I don't want to see any of the former bearer employers walking around in those U.S. duds. Life Magazine will cover the Puja night and if we have enough color and costumes they have promised us a writeup in the magazine.

Harlan Dickey of St. Louis has advised that his several thousands feet of color film taken on the recent "Pilgrimage to India" will be available for showing at the Reunion. I understand it will take almost two hours to show, so we will plan to have it on the afternoon of August 9th. Don't miss this opportunity to see the old stomping grounds and the interesting and historical parts of other countries visited on the tour.

At this time we have 250 reservations for rooms at the Shamrock Hilton. Looks as though we are going to have a real Texas-size Reunion because this does not include any Texans. Now, when the Texans start showing up we will have twice that amount.

All you people who are definitely going to make the deep sea fishing trip, please write me again so I can place your names in the fishing file. You will have to check in August 7th. Fishing will be on August 8th, and fishing is excellent this year. Bring your camera and color film. No fishing tackle is necessary; the boat will furnish everything.

Don't forget to make those Puja costumes, and please send your room reservations early. Send them direct to the CBI Room Clerk, Shamrock Hilton, Houston 1, Texas.

Fraternally,

ROBERT E. NESMITH,
National Commander,
3318 Aberdeen Way,
Houston 25, Texas

Smells and All!

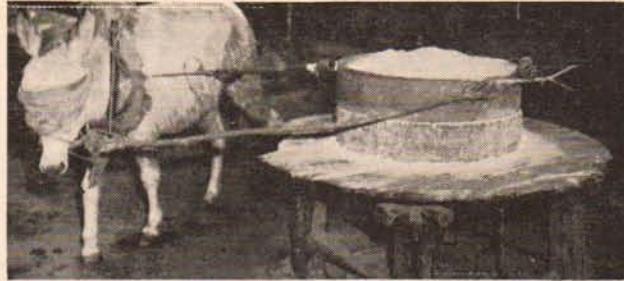
● I have been "with you" all the way, in telling about the tour to India. Smells and all. Was with AACs and got around pretty much. My home base was Gaya, which you flew over in the middle of nowhere on the way to Calcutta. Was also in New Delhi, Kalaikunda, Dum Dum, Barrackpore and over The Hump. Visited many places in the land of enchantment. Hope you didn't miss the "Temple of Love" in Banaras. Can still smell the ghats from here!

A. R. CAMPBELL,
Cranford, N. J.

India's Progress

● I was interested in your opinion that India has made great progress since gaining independence from the British. They probably have. But it may take another two generations before India can erase the shame of illiteracy and extreme poverty of the people, and improve by even a small percent the deplorable living conditions.

JOSEPH STEIN,
Richmond, Va.



BLINDFOLDED DONKEY aids in the primitive method of grinding grain at Chihkiang, China. Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

Bombay Riots

● Your kind inquiries as to how we fared during the recent disturbances . . . we are glad to say we were absolutely unaffected. Actually the newspaper reports were highly exaggerated and everything is quite normal again.

V. CHELLARAM,
Bombay, India

23rd Fighter Group

● Henry J. Orinson, former sergeant with the 23rd Fighter Group, passed away on Feb. 18th of a kidney disease.

JOHN W. YOUNG,
Omaha, Nebr.

Home Town Boy

● In the small town of Gaylord, Mich., where I am now in practice a boy was raised by the name of Clarence "Cricket" Libcke. He has a brother here, a practicing surgeon, and I know the family well. During the war Col. Clarence Libcke was connected in some way with communications at Calcutta. I was an assistant operations officer way up at Sookeating and of course had to get out a report of the day's activities every night at midnight. As you may have guessed, and I learned later, Cricket was compiling them down at Hastings Mill.

Dr. S. E. FOUNTAIN,
Gaylord, Mich.

Walked Out of Burma

● Please enter a subscription for Mrs. John Shapland, Sussex, England. This estimable English lady lived in Myitkyina with her husband and small children before the Japs came and was part of that famous band of refugees that walked out of Burma to the north and west. She served throughout most of the war in a secretarial capacity to the various commanders at the Headquarters at Ledo. In a Christmas greeting recently received she inquired about round-the-world jaunt and I have sent her all the copies that reported it so pleasantly. I am sure, however, that she will want to see them all.

Col. R. SELEE,
St. Louis, Mo.



TRAFFIC POLICEMAN in massive shelter at Chihkiang. War news appears on the base of the traffic island. Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

"GABAHS" From Kashmir

We received our shipment of 50 "Gabahs" from Srinagar, Kashmir, too late to get a picture for inclusion in this ad.

Remember the "shikaris" (water tax's) in Kashmir? "Gabahs" are used there as covers for the long seats. These colorfully embroidered "Gabahs" are 82 inches long and 46 inches wide. Since they are completely hand-made, there is some variance in width and length, but all have the same approximate square inches.

The "Gabahs" are nearly completely covered with embroidery, in unique and original designs, with at least five colors in each piece. All background material is black, with predominate colors red, orange, green, purple, blue, pink, or yellow (specify which desired).

"Gabahs" are intended as seat covers, couch covers, exotic wall decoration. We don't recommend them as rugs unless you want to walk barefooted on them.

It requires nearly a month for one man to create a Gabah, the embroidery so nearly covers the entire piece.

The price? You'd expect to pay \$100.00 for one of these elaborate affairs but your price is only **\$9.50 each, postpaid.** We don't know if anyone else in the country imports them, but if they do you can well expect to pay many times this price for them.

Be sure to specify the predominate color desired. The price again, while they last, only \$9.50 postpaid.

All Orders Postpaid — Minimum Order \$5.00

Burmese Couple

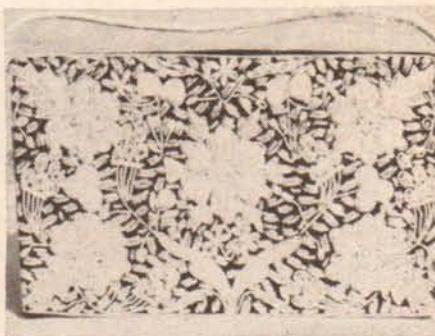
U. S.-made Burmese man and woman, of bisque, 4½" tall, two pieces, each on base. While they last, only \$1.50 per pair, postpaid.



Owned and Operated by Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colorado



Zari Embroidered Evening Bag

We have received a new shipment of these beautiful Zari Embroidered Ladies Evening Bags and have an assortment of over 100 different designs! We received a quantity discount this time and we are passing the savings on to you. Now you may buy these gorgeous first-quality bags for only \$7.50 each, plus 75 cents federal excise tax. All are embroidered with metal Zari thread on black velvet material. All are satin-lined. Designs include gold, silver, gold-and-silver, and colorful peacock. Specify your choice. At this new low price you'll want several for future gifts. Price \$8.25, including federal excise tax.

Since our original announcement on this page in the January issue, which outlined some of the merchandise we had ordered while in India, we have received many requests to "save" certain items from the shipment when it arrives. Due to the uncertainty of transportation and U. S. Customs charges, we cannot quote prices until after it has been determined. We will, however, be glad to keep your name and articles desired on file and you will be notified as to prices of the merchandise upon arrival in Denver.

ROUNDUP'S GUARANTEE

You must be entirely satisfied with your purchase or your money will be refunded cheerfully and immediately!